

I Wish

by Daphne

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Summary: They both love each other, but they think that they can't go out again. They don't want to face the hurt again, but you'll see what makes Harry and Hermione change their mind. I truly hope you read and review this one, it would mean a lot to me!

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Not your normal teenage girl, no, not at all. She is special. She doesn't give a care about makeup, flirting, her hair, or even how "the hottest guy in the entire school bumped into her". She is obsessed with earrings and lip balm. She has a pair of earrings to go with every outfit, and applied the same vanilla lip balm every other minute. And unlike every other girl her age, she is perfectly happy about her life. That's what I love about her; her content aura. She just doesn't seem to notice me. Not anymore, at least.

Parvati is so wrong about him. She thinks he's just a shell, with nothing inside, just a pretty face. But I know better than that. I know things that no one else does about him I mean. He told me his worries, thoughts, wishes, dreams, and what he's really thinking. But we had to break up. I will never know why, but we did. Separate like two pieces from different puzzles; they'll never fit. And it just wouldn't be right for me to love him again. We broke up once The people will talk if we get back together. Plus I was hurt once, and I never want to be hurt again. Ever.

Empty spaces hurt. Like chicken soup without the chicken no, that was the wrong analogy. But still, I wish someone would fill it with cement so it can never leave again. Like a permanent relationship. We truly shouldn't have broken up. I was devastated, but I would never

let anyone ever see that. Never, lest I face going through it all again. I couldn't. I shouldn't. Yet I still desire it.

I wish I could just get over Harry. Dean Thomas is a perfectly good boyfriend. He lunged for the chance as soon as we broke up. Two weeks later, we were a couple, but I wasn't totally into it. When we kissed at Hogsmeade one weekend. I didn't see fireworks. Not even a spark lit up my eyes. He isn't the one.

Why did I even start going out with Cho? Probably just to make Hermione jealous. I should be happy I mean, 49% the guys drool over her. The other 51% drool over Hermione, including me. Most of them already have girlfriends, but they're still the two prettiest girls in our year. Cho is perfectly nice, but she isn't for me. Too worried about her exterior to care what's in my interior. She doesn't truly care about me.

I wish I were brave. If I were brave, I could break up with Dean, but now, I need someone to cover up my real feelings. It's like sticking a piece of paper over a hole. It doesn't fill it, but covers it up so others don't see what's really underneath. This is so awful. I can't go on like this anymore!

"Hey Hermione!" Dean walked up to her, sitting in her loveseat on the common room.

"Hey." She drawled.

"Listen I've been getting the wrong vibes from you, and to tell you the truth, I am returning them. We aren't meant for each other, and we both know it. Your special someone is out there waiting for you, and I mustn't steal that from who ever it is." He finished quickly, sitting down in the chair opposite Hermione.

"Really? Well, I can definitely understand what you mean. So who's the special someone?" Hermione smiled.

"Umm Cho. We've been seeing each other for weeks now. It was only a matter of time before-. She's breaking up with Harry now."

She gasped a sharp intake of breath. Was this a wonderful dream, or a nightmare? Her bandage covering her internal wound was gone, leaving it prone to infections and other mishaps.

Harry walked into common room and slumped onto the neearest chair, gazing into the dancing flames. She looked at him, and found her only bout of courage.

"Harry! I cannot stand this anymore!" She yelled, striding in front of the fireplace, hands on hips.

Everyone took this as a cue to get out of the room, so everyone scurried up the stairs into their dorms and leaned against the door.

"What're you talking about?" He asked, sitting up and leaning forward.

"I I Harry! I love you. I love you Harry! And I can't stand us not together anymore. It's ripping apart my soul!" She burst into tears

immediately, and ran directly into her dorm.

She sat, crying on her bed, when she noticed a white piece of parchment sticking out of the keyhole of the door.

Unrolling it, she read:

Hermione,

Being apart has been not only painful, but deadly for me. It hurts so bad not to be with you, I don't feel alive. I only went out with Cho to make you jealous. I wish... I wish you would forgive me, for making us break up. For everything. I love you too, Hermione. I love your state of mind, your vanilla lip balm, your morning coffee. I love you.

Harry

"Finally!" Lavendar exclaimed, reading over her shoulder.

"LAVENDAR!" Hermione picked up a pillow and whacked Lavendar upside the head, furious for reading over her shoulder.

"Ha!" Lavendar smacked Hermione with a pillow right back.

~

"Yes, and that is how our room became covered in feathers. I don't know why everyone else caught on It's not our fault the other kids joined in!" Hermione explained to her beyond-furious professor.

"Yes! That's pretty much exactly what happened to begin the biggest pillow fight Hogwarts has ever witnessed." Lavendar nodded her head.

"You expect me to believe that? Come into my office right now young ladies!" McGonagall shook a finger in their direction and stormed into her office. The two girls shrugged and followed her.

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End  
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